

DRAMA

Of the dozen or more musical shows Mort H. Singer, manager of the Princess and La Salle street theatres in Chicago, has been God-father to the last season or so, his latest, "A Stubborn Cinderella," book and lyrics from Hough and Adams, and music by Joseph E. Howard, is far and away the most substantial, tuneful and entertaining.

The play opened the week at the Theatre and played to a splendid business, despite the fact that it followed close on the heels of McIntyre and Heath in their laugh getting "Hayti."

The trio responsible for the book and music of "A Stubborn Cinderella" have written so much for the last few seasons that the Cinderella show was pretty badly needed as tangible evidence that lyrics and melody were not lost arts with them. The book of the play is snappily bright and Lady Leslie and "Mac" in a clever little dialogue put a few lines over that got by the conference crowds, but which doubled the regulars up in their seats. Homer Mason heads the company and those who remember this versatile actor from his former vaudeville days will hardly need be told that he's the life of the Hough-Adams-Howard play.

There is a sort of plot hung together that carries the music of the show and the rest of the worth is in the company. The opening act of the play is badly constructed and drags along pretty nearly until curtain time before there is much sign of life. After that, however, it's fast and furious and the song hits are scattered in at regular intervals.

With Mr. Mason were Bessie Merrill, as Lois, Carolyn Lilja as Lady Leslie, and Charles Wilson as an engineer, four clever people who, with a chorus short on looks and skirts but very long on voices, put "A Stubborn Cinderella" through her paces rather effectively. Miss Lilja's tuneful and prettily worded song "When You First Kiss the Last Girl You Love" was best among the musical numbers.

The Orpheum is back in line with an averagely good bill for the week which finishes tonight.

There is little offered in the way of novelty, Bert Leslie, Frank Stafford and the LaVeen-Cross company sharing what honors there are. Leslie is seen in a new "Hogan in Society" skit that is a thirty-minute scream. LaVeen and Cross go a step or so further than any other strong arm pair of the season and the act is popular. Stafford and company offer something rather new in whistling and strike a responsive chord with those across the lights.

Emma Frances and a couple of wooly youngsters who seem to be somewhat restless on their feet, put the fourth good corner on the bill. The Bimbos are a sample of the general run of Beck vaudeville fillers and the McGinnis brothers put a few new steps in their hard-shoe dancing. Thorne and Carleton have a dried up skit called "The Soubrette and the Yap" and they wisely play to the crowd upstairs, though Thorne's work is good in places.

It's about the sort of a bill that shows up every third or fourth week.

With "The Right of Way," the Colonial has offered its patrons one of the best shows of the season at that house since Monday evening.

Those who remember the splendid performance of Theodore Roberts and Guy Standing last year in the production will scarcely need the suggestion that the play suffers very little in repetition, and that its wonderfully sustained interest and realism is as evident this year as in the original production. The presenting company is capable and the play is handsomely staged.

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